Mas the maiden name of Mrs. J. P. Morgan. Frances Tracy (Morgan) is daughter and Henry Sturgis (Morgan) is a younger son. The only inspect that could be drawn by Capt. Mr. Morgan's house. gan) is a younger son. The only inference that could be drawn by Capt.

Tunney and the Glen Cove police was that Holt had made a death list and had planned to kill all of the find mediate members of the Morgan family as well as air. Morgan himseif.

Holt is a man of singular appearance, including the control of the sing and half opened the door, the automobile driver saw something that made.

Holt is a man of singular appearance, more much so that possibly he would be singled out of any crowd. He gave his age as 40, but he looks, if anything, to be slightly younger. He is tall, about 5 feet 11 inches, and so thin as to seem almost emaciated. For all of his height he weighs less than 150 pounds. He stoops somewhat, with his long, thin head thrust forward, which makes him seem to beer curiously as he wells operating. The long thin head makes him seem to peer curiously as he walks or talks. The long, thin head carries a high forchead, over which there is a heavy growth of dark hair, known from what Holt himself confine and long. His eyes are dark and

The man looks as if he smiled only seldom and had little sense of humor. His nose is extraordinarily long and thin and curves slightly above a large mouth, the fips being thin and hard set. The chin is small, receding and of the type usually described as effininate. For the rest his neck is thin and scrawny and is marked by a large Adam's apple which works agitatedly Adam's apple which works agitatedly as he talks. The Morgan chaufeur. Hiram Campbell, described him at a stroke as "tong and gawky."

Born in Wisconsin.

By his own account and from what was learned in other ways, he was born in Wisconsin, settled in Dallas, Tex., where, at 101 Marseilles street, he has a wife and two children. He the degree of Ph. D. there in 1914.

For 'the last year he has been an instructor of German in the department instructor of German in the department of the last year he has been an end of the last year he has been an end of friend," said Holt ensity. led Cornell University and took

rguages. Admits that since the war started matter of sending arms and ammuni-tions to the Powers arrayed against Germany. He said last evening that be-fore coming to New York he had written letters to an Ithaca newspaper protest-ing against "such unfairness to Ger-

He told Assistant District Attorney Weeks that he came to New York from Ithaca about ten days ago and regis-tered at the Mills Hotel No. 3, Seventh tered at the Mills Hotel No. 3, Seventh avenue and Thirty-sixth street. He would have the authorities believe yesterday that he had never been out of New York since arriving at the Mills Hotel, but it was learned that he had not been at the hotel on Friday or Friday night and this discovery led partly to his confession that he had gone to Washington to explode the bomb which destroyed a part of the Senate wing.

Encouraged possibly by his ability to arrest or detection, he returned to New York early yesterday morning and boarded the first available train out of boarded the first available train out of the Pensylvania Depot over the Long Island Railroad to Glen Cove. This train arrived at Glen Cove at \$.53 A. M. The instant Holt stepped to the platform several of the professional chauffeurs who let their automobile hacks to whistors recognized him as the same man who had visited Glen Cove on Thursday afternoon last and who had been driven to the Morgan grounds on East Island to the Morgan grounds on East Island by Matthew Kramer, a chauffeur who works for Myron F. Ford, the driver who took Holt to the Morgan home yes-

ceived, and one of real strategical worth. The library was as far as possible from the room in which the Morgans were breakfasting with the Spring-Rices and their other guests. If he could get this the casually that he was a visitor interested in Handsome country places and wanted to see how fine Mr. Morgans were breakfasting with the Spring-Rices and their other guests. If he could get this dangerous person into the library and slam the door (such was his plan) there would be time to alarm the house and trap he visitor.

For a few seconds Holt was deceived. He gave a quick glance at Physick, whom he was still covering with a steady pistol, and then he moved quick as a flash to the library door. As the bad luck of the moment had it, the door was wide asked to be carried back to the depot.

It is obsolutely certain that he took the opportunity in this and other ways to familiarize himself in every way possible with the lay of the grounds and with the identity of such of Mr. Morgan's servants as he might expect to meet. He knew Mr. Morgan's chauffeur. Although he knew that he might be shot dead for his boldness, Physick suddenly shouted—screamed rather—for the lookout for Campbell yesterday. Others of the servants he had inspected carefully.

and then he moved quick as a flash to the library door. As the bad luck of the moment had it, the door was wide open. Holt saw instantly that the butler had not told the truh. He began to walk down the main hall toward the breakfast room.

Although he knew that he might be shot dead for his boldness, Physick suddenly shouted—screamed rather—for his voice was as vibrant and as high pitched as a terrified woman's.

Frederick Ford, owner of the line of motor cars which serves Glen Cove which bears a name the same as his , when Holt, with his peering eyes stooped shoulders, slouched up to driven to the Morgan home. Ford saw that the man was well dressed, although not particularly neat, and had no sus-

whether he intends to use his she

"That's good," said Holt. "We may

will jump in myself. I'm an old friend affrighted cry.

of Mr. Morgan's and he won't think Before he h anything of it. Old friends are allowed

the hallway Mrs. Morgan, alarmed and apprehensive, joineu, nim. As she faint suspicion that his passenger was a person who needed watching. The driver couldn't do anything precipitate. He had nothing to go on. The car turned from the Glen Cove road past the William H. Harkness home, on West Island, which used to be owned by Charles A. Dana, and turned on to the long, concrete bridge which spans the estuary from the Sound, Dosoris Pond, an ex
the hallway Mrs. Morgan, alarmed and apprehensive, joineu, nim. As she called up Dr. William H. Zabriskie at Glen Cove. When the doctor answered had climbed the front stairway a second or two after Mr. Morgan reached the upper floor, came into their view.

As Holt went noiselessly forward over the thick carpeting Mr. Morgan, in wonderment as to what the uproar had meant and groping for an explanation, was turned away from his assailant.

But Mrs. Morgan saw him instantly. She saw too that he carried a pistol in crete bridge which spans the estuary from the Sound, Dosoris Pond, an ex-tent of shallow water and swampy ground which cuts the Morgan estate on Peacock Point, East Island, from the

George F. Baker, to the east of Mr. Morgan's place. Over beyond the hills George F. Baker, to the east of Mr. Morgan's place. Over beyond the hills to the south was the Percy Chubb place to the south was the Percy Chubb place and the car had just spun through the beautiful extent of ground held by the Pratt family of Brooklyn.

As the motor car began to cross the bridge, which was being repaired, and slowed down to make the narrow, temporary roadway. Holt climbed back into the tonneau, saying to Ford: to the tonneau, saying to Ford:
"I expect I had better get a card out

of my suit case. The servants might require one.'

Arms Himself on Road.

He opened the brown suit case, which he had brought from New York, and extracted several articles. Ford was so busy with the management of his car in the slender bridge roadway did not observe exactly what Holt took from the case. He rather thought later that Holt had used the moment to re-move two revolvers and possibly the sticks of dynamite which were subsedownwall state of dynamic and guestly found on his person and in the Morgan grounds. At any rate he found what he sought, regained his place on After he was subdued he shouted: the driver's seat and told Ford to go on odge of Supt. McGregor, and there were no servants on the lawns. Ford shut While off the power and glanced inquiringly at he said: his fare. He saw, he says, that Holt's eyes were shining as a cat's in the dark. Only the man's eyes, however, revealed the excitement in him. His.

mobile driver saw something that made him utter a shout of alarm and sent him scurrying from one car to the Morgan garage, calling for help. He saw that Holt had drawn a revolver from the side pocket of his coat and that he was pressing the muzzle of the revolver against the butler's stomach.

What Happened Inside,

gan were at breakfast with Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Arbassador; Lady Rice and other house ruests. The breakfast room is on the east side of the house and a considerable distance from the main entrance.

Neither the Morgans nor their guests Neither the Morgans nor their guests were at first disturbed by the appearance of Holt at the front door. Holt spoke in a low tone, but one that was deadly in its intensity and purpose.

The instant the butler swung open

the door he said:

"He will be glad to see me. I want to talk to him about a matter of tremendous interest to himself.

"But," said Physick, "you will have to tell me the nature of your business. Give me your card and I will take it to Mr. Morgan."

Holt handed the butler the card he had taken from the sulf case. It have

had taken from the suit case. It bore

this inscription:
"Summer Society Directory." In the lower left hand corner was

"Represented by Thomas C. Lester."
Physick fingered the card doubtfully. Like Ford, he grew suspicious. There was something abnormal about Holt, something that put people on their guard. The butler attempted once more

"Won't you please state your business

ard?" he said. Holt delayed no longer over foolish amenities. He pulled the revolver out of his coat pocket, as Ford, waiting in the car, saw, jammed it against the butler's body and rapidly forced the butler back into the hall. "Where is Morgan?" Holt demanded.

where is Morgan? Holt demanded, his eyes roving over the hall, his ears intent to catch the sound of voices.

Physick was frightened. He said so later. But he was plucky to the bone. He backed away from the gaunt man, whose eyes were gleaming, and said loudly—loudly in the hope that Mr. Mor-

gan would hear him:

'He is in the library. In the library.' It was a quick notion the butler conceived, and one of real strategical worth.

"Mr. Morgan! Upstairs! Mr. Morgan!

Last Chance for Trick.

It was the last chance to trick the assassin. him yesterday morning and asked to be terror and strain of the moment. He driven to the Morgan home. Ford saw knew that Mr. Morgan, leaving the breakfast room, would naturally start above stairs by the staircase which rises cion, of course, that his passenger had her than a legitimate business errand. Before the car started for East Island sight of the intruder. It was the butler's Holt asked Ford if he might sit in the hope that Mr. Morgan could get safely 'Yer's seat. upstairs before the man with the re-"I can see the country better if I sit volver realized where his intended vic-I tim was, and that help could be summoned, the house alarmed and the man New York city this morning and I don't overpowered before he had a chance to

yacht, the Corsair, or go by train. Probably he will go by train. Do you know Hiram Campbell, Mr. Morgan's chauffers at gathering for a second. It was startling in the intensity of appeal. Without having the slightest idea what supposing only that Ford replied that he knew Campbell was wrong, and supposing only that some person on an upper floor had come to harm, Mr. Morgan rose from turned him over to the servants. They some person on an upper floor had come to harm, Mr. Morgan rose hastily, a corner to await the coming of the with an apology to his guests, and police, rapidly climbed the rear staircase. He meet Mr. Morgan automobile along the reached the second floor and moved Mr. Morgan and the guests were aware that road. If we do I want you to throw my along the hallway, still seeking the cause Mr. Morgan had been shot. At first he

She saw too that he carried a pistol in each hand.

As he neared Mr. Morgan and was

shoot in that instant, but evidently, so Mr. Morgan's friends thought, he was

supported later by a more detailed message she received from the office of J. P. Morgan gave a great shout and jumped at Holt literally feet first. He is a big man, is J. P. Morgan, considerably more than six feet tail, very powerfully built and with nerves and muscles in perfect trim from muscles.

Protects His Wife First.

Mr. Morgan, with a heave of his el-bow, cast Mrs. Morgan out of harm's way, then swung himself along the floor toward Holt, who was rising to his feet position and at that moment Holt fired both pistols. His arms had been forced downward and the bullets travelled on a downward slant. Holt was mouthing

After he was subdued he shouted.
"Kill me; kill me now! I don't want
"Kill me; kill me now! I don't want to a place near the front of the house.

The automobile was not stopped at the live been in a perfect hell worrying over

the war."
While the servants were binding him

"Look out! There's dynamite in my pocket and you had better get it out

volvers, two boxes of cartridges and two sticks of dynamite Holt took with | ily, could enter the grounds.

ABOVE J. P. Morgan's summer residence at Glen Cove, L. I., where he him when he went to the Morgan home. To the right is an employee on was shot yesterday by Frank Holt. The photograph was taken be- the Morgan estate guarding the bridge leading to the house. No one fore the house was ready for occupancy. Below to left are the two re- except those having official business, physicians and members of the fam-



little was feared unless from possible blood poisoning.

It could not be learned last night whether the bullet which pierced the ab-domen wall also pierced the intestines, but there was an optimistic feeling ap-

they had hurried from the breakfast room up the stairs. Ambassador Spring-Rice and Lady Spring-Rice were witthe last chance to trick the Physick realized that in the distrain of the moment. He hat Mr. Morgan, leaving the room, would naturally start

of Holt. Most of the Mr. Morgan attended to very effectually himself, although twice wounded. He threw his weight of 220 pounds or so on the struggling man and held him prone.

Mrs. Morgan seized from Holt's hand of the struggling man and held him prone.

one of the revolvers and Rosalie Mc-Cabe, a nurse, seized the other. Mr. Morgan held the man while servants done his part in subduing Holt. At the moment the man seemed about to wrigdownstairs, hammered Holt over size of an apple. Holt also received several bruises and cuts on the head in the short and desperate struggle.

It was a minute or two before Mrs of the trouble, the reason for the butler's affrighted cry.

Before he had started to walk along the hallway Mrs. Morgan, alarmed and apprehensive, joined ntm. As she called up Dr. William H. Zabriskie at

at Fort Montgomery.

at once to telephone to Glen Cove for was dangerous under any conditions particulars. She was told that her son Not only did he carry two loaded reparticulars. She was told that her son Not only did he carry two loaded re-was in no danger and the assurance was volvers and a supply of cartridges, but supported later by a more detailed mes- he

J. P. Morgan.

It was reported last night that the elder Mrs. Morgan was bearing up bravely and cheerfully and that she did not expect to go to Glen Cove unless

muscles in perfect trim from much out-door exercise and a temperate life. He Dr. Zabriskie got to East Island as drove at Holt with all of the force of his great body and Holt went down like and a half miles from the village of Glen Cove. He made a hasty examina tion of the wounds, dressed them and watched Mr. Morgan's pulse and general condition. He remained by the bedside until the arrival of Dr. Lyle, one of the best known surgeons of New York, and Dr. Markoe, who has been for many years the Morgan family physician

> ing to such information as was obtainable from the Morgan home last night, that it would be safe to probe for the bullet which had lodged near the back. After the operation it was understood that Mr. Morgan's splendid vitality had enabled him to bear up under the shock. that he was resting easily and that in

The second missile struck Mr. Morgan in the thigh close to the abdomen and travelling downward passed out at the back of the right leg. From this wound little was feared unless from possible bleed rejecting. 3 P. M. Shortly after the shooting all visitors, friends and physicians, were excluded from the Morgan grounds. This was absolutely necessary because of the rush absolutely necessary because of the rush of the curious from Glen Cove and neighboring villages, and even from New York city. By noontime there was a considerable crowd at the bridge entrance leading to East Island. Intruders were kept back by guards, who were pleasant spoken but inflexible. Mr. Morgan had to have perfect quiet. There must be no intrusion on his privacy. and that was all there was to it. of dynamite, 60 per cent. and cight inches long, dropped from one of his coat pockets. The dynamite was of the kind which is easily exploded.

The double report and the outcries had alarmed Mr. Morgan's guests and the duple report and the outcries had alarmed Mr. Morgan's guests and

trated yesterday evening Junius Spencer Morgan, the financier's son, who was married two weeks ago to Miss Ruth Converse of Boston, arrived at the house at about 5 o'clock in the after noon in an automobile. Neither had heard of the shooting, and when Lodgekeeper Price told them they were much

honeymoon a party had been scheduled, but invitations to this were withdrawn. It is said that the guests at the party would have numbered thirteen. They included Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, Mr. Morgan's brother-in-law; Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierson Hamilton, Mr. Morgan's two daughters and his other

who chatted briefly with members of the family or trusted friends were quick to gather the impression early in the ay that Mr. Morgan's injuries were far e serious than had been first supon the faces of those who left the But at the same time there was these visitors and very direct statenents that they believed Mr. Morgan's

The surgeons were remaining with Broad and Wall streets.

"An examination of Mr. Morgan dis-closes that there are two bullet wounds in the region of his right hip. There are no unfavorable symptoms and he is resting

at Fort Montgomery. They were quiet- Morgan bade fair to survive his injuries, ing, reassuring messages. They said They were impressed first of all by the merely that Mr. Morgan had been fact that this man, in whose brain round which cuts the Morgan estate on leacock Point, East Island, from the perhaps less than six feet from him lainland.

Within plain sight was the home of leorge F. Baker, to the east of Mr.

As he heared Mr. Morgan and was perhaps less than six feet from him lightly wounded.

When the news reached the financier's directed him to murder all persons opmother at Fort Montgomery she was posed to German success, went to Mr. Holt shouted as he levelled his pistols, greatly agitated. She sent a servant Morgan's house a walking arsenal, He buzzed the delusion that Providence had he had with him three sticks of dynamite. Each stick was eight inches long and an inch and a half thick. Each

Dynamite. Keystone National Powder Company. 60 per cent. Emporium. Pa.

One of these was in Holt's pocket as he was flung to the floor by Mr. Morgan. Two other sticks were found on the lawn, where, presumably, he had dropped them in his haste to enter the It is a matter for experts in explosives to determine whether they were real perils in themselves. Police Capthin Tunney thinks that they would not have exploded without fulminating caps. Others who examined them said it would have been possible to explode them by hard jar. At all events Mr. Morgan did not know when he was wrestling and struggling with Holt that his assailant was armed with dynamite as Well as with pistols.

It is time for Myron Ford, the chauf-

3 P. M. Shortly after the shooting all visitors Guard on bridge preventing persons entering the Morgan grounds.

make a quick escape, ran to the garage and summoned help. He called Hiram Campbell and others, who rushed into the house and up the stairs, but were only in time to complete the task of stouty roping and strapping Holt. Then Ford, setting his little Ford car to its best pace, lit out for Glen Cove and the police. He found Theodore Campbell, a deputy sheriff, at the Court House, somnolent, as most Glen Covers are apt to be on a hot and heavy day. He stirred Theodore to activity with two sentences:

"J. P. Morgan has been shot by crazy man. Climb in!"

Holt Formally Arrested.

Were both French and German, and that was quite a mixture."

The man actually smiled as he said this, but his mood on the whole was grave. He spoke as an educated man with a good choice of words and with a good choice of words and with a code pleasantly modulated. "I had been studying there to take a degree and I had been studying there to take a degree and I wrote a thesis which was successful."

"What was the subject of your thesis." asked one of the reporters. Holt replied descent who have their homes in this asked one of the reporters. Holt replied to business here.

"You are wandering from the subject. What, pray, has that got to do with the shoting of Mr. Morgan?

"Before I went to Cornell." he continued, "I was an instructor at Vanderbill," he complains upon the point that an are usually taken.

The worst enemy of Germany could thardly have done the Germans a greater disservice than by such a deed as that of the man who yesterday attempted to take the life of J. P. Morgan. Nor could a mainsant enemy have done greaters dor the worst enemy of German victor to the Germans a greater disservice than by such a deed as that of the man who yesterday attempted to take the life of J. P. Morgan. Nor could a mainsant enemy have done greaters do the man who yesterday attempted to take the life of J. P. Morgan. Nor could a mainsant enemy have done greaters do the work that the confusion of minds that of the man who yesterday attempted to take the

Island where Holt was turned over to them. At the Morgan house McCahill placed Holt under arrest for attempted

Holt was searched. tion to the list of names of the Morgan family, which has already been referred tion to the list of names of the Morgan family, which has already been referred to, he had in his pockets \$30 in cash, three \$10 bills, the stick of dynamite he had taken into the house, receipt for a box which he had shipped on June 11 to his father-in-law, O. F. Sensabaugh,

Each was a five shooter. The larger was an Iver-Johnson of .38 calibre, num-bered 12591. It was an old pistol which had seen service, but which had been kept shiningly polished. The other was a sort of child's size pistol of .32 calibre, although perfectly capable of dealing death. It was a "Young America" I am against the wholesale slaughter go-and was numbered 2196116. Except ing on over there, I think President for these odds and ends, Holt's pockets Wilson's notes were all very well in were empty. He carried no letters or their way, but Wilson isn't doing anywere empty. He carried no letters or documents which might have thrown quick light on his motive or his iden-tity. Both of these, however, he quickly Those interested in the rapid investigation of the crime turned again to Holt, his movements and his belingings.

He talked valugloriously, although in a soon as it was certain that Mr. He talked valugloriously, although in a him—to influence him. They have told the was soon as it was certain that Mr.

> he arrived at Glen Cove in the morning he had been fairly presentable in a suit of gray, a straw hat, and fairly well polished low shoes. But after the handhe presented a different aspect. gray coat had been so stained that one of the Glen Cove policemen was kind enough to lend him another, a blue garment which fitted him much too reluct-

ver, gleamed brightly. First, at Justice Luyster's insistence. particularly, he amplified that statement As he talked he kept fingering his battered head and rubbing his ankles, which a smile he drew from an inside pocket a scrap of paper which had escaped the search of his captors. This was a cartoon clipped from the Philadel-phia Record of July 1. It bore the caption "Dangerous Friends." It displayed the war?" Holt was asked Columbia in the usual guise of a beautiful woman reaching into a box marked "War Munitions" and admonishing Uncle Sam, who was pictured as a small boy

ontribute to the murders going on in stands to be theirs by inheritance.

asked one of his cell visitors.
"Why, this. Mr. Morgan was a man was possible for him to influence them at 101 Marsellies street, Dallas, Tex., and the two revolvers. From each of these a was about to obtain a very large loan for the British Government?" "Well," said Holt, "that was one of

I was not influenced by any

of Mr. Bryan's speeches."
"Are you pro-German—a German sympathizer?"
"No." said Holt very quickly. "But ing on over there. I think President seas, it is all wrong. thing to stop the war. He ought to do

quiet tone. You could see that the man | me that I shot him, but that he was was brimful of pride over his achieve-He was not pretty to look at. When I that I didn't want to shoot him is that

He started to answer, then clo would be say where he got the pistols.
"I went to the house," he continued,
"and I walked upstairs. I had my gun a bandage which could not cenceal the great lump on the right side of his floor I met Mr. Morgan. His wife was head. His face was utterly pale, of a in front of him, preceding him down the fish belly white. His eyes, how- hall. Mr. Morgan didn't give chance to say a word to him. His wife jumps at me and he leaped for me and he made the formal statement which is grabbe, me. I fired in the air. I meant printed elsewhere. Then, when the reporters questiond him more fully and I was going to tell Mr. Morgan what my ideas were, but I was going to leave the working out of the plan to him. "I admire his courage in grappling with a man who carried a gun nly use his courage in the right

have written about it also. I wrote

While the servants were binding him be said:

"Look out! There's dynamite in my pocket and you had better get it out juick."

One of the first of Mr. Morgan's assortiuck."

One bullet entered Mr. Mergan's ab-

a telegram, and despatched to his wife in Dallas, Tex., the following:

"To Mrs. Frank Holt, 101 Marseilles strict, Dallas, Tex.: Man proposes, God disposes. Don't come here until you get my letters. Be strong. Frank."

Holt then said that he was a member of no organization, that he was not an anarchist and had never thought of becoming one.

Holt was arraigned in the Glen Cove court house before Justice Luyster at 4:20 P. M. The large room of the doll's size courthouse was completely jammed. Photographers jostled each other for positions of vantage, and skirmished for the Grand Jury. Which do you say?"

Holt made no reply. He stared stupidly at the floor.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" askel the Justice.

Still there was no response from the prisoner. Then Assistant District Attention what this man has told me he desires to plead not guilty and to have his examination postponed for a short time."

Holt made no reply. He stared stupidly at the floor.

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planted his machine in the doorway and stood to attention at the cranks.

Holt was led in by Deputy Sheriff Frank McCahill, the big ex-navy man who had taken him from the Morgan house. With McCahill and Assistant District Attorney Weeks he stood in front of the Justice's bench. For a moment he tried to stand upright to maintain a semblance of dignity. Presently, and before the Justice began reading the formal complaint, he slumped sidewise and would have fallen had not McCahill's strong arms caught and supported him. Justice Luyster read the comhim. Justice Luyster read the com-plaint slowly and Holt listened dully at

droned the Justice, "says that he is Oyster Bay, Nassau county, in the State of New York. Frank Holt, late of Ithaca, N. Y., did commit the crime of assault in the first degree in the time and place aforesaid, and he did wilfully and maliciously and feloniously go to and maliciously and feloniously go to the home of J. P. Morgan at East Island with intent to do bodily harm to the said J. P. Morgan, and to kill

Holt stirred, taking a step forward and raising a hand in protest.
"You'll have to take that part about the killing out of there," he said. "Take

read:
"And did fire two shots at the said ness of mind.

a letter to an Ithaca paper, in which I demanded that the paper be neutral. I am trying to be neutral. So ought others to try."

J. P. Morgan with a revolver with leaden ball cartridges and did inflied grievous bodily harm upon the said J. P. Morgan."

"You know I did not mean to kill M. ime?"

Holt drew himself up and raised a know better than that. That part about

"The impulse came to me from on paper."
"Holt," said Justice Luyster. "It is "Holt," said Justice Luyster. "It is inspired me to do my part to end this my duty to acquaint you with your terrible war." He asked permission, then, to send amination or you can waive examination telegram, and despatched to his wife and be held for the Grand Jury. Which

No Grand Jury sits in Nassau county until September and unless Holt asks "Frank E. McCahill being duly sworn," large ball that would be demanded. for ball and manages to obtain the ver will have to stay in a cell in Mines

right of way in prosecuting Holt, and the prosecution for the Washington crime must be held in abevance. Every person who talked to Holt yes-terday, including Justice Luyster and Assistant District Attorney Weeks, was strongly of the impression that he what is ordinarily termed a sane may nat out!"

At no time after the shooting did he act wildly or display such lack of

CHECKS ON CRANKS ARE URGED BY PRESS

New York newspapers this morning beginning to take their cue from the comment as follows upon the attempt to take the life of Mr. Morgan:

beginning to take their cue from the barbarity and lawlessness of the German Government. They are trying to

his preparations carefully. Every step was premeditated. To dismiss such crimes as the work of cranks and lunatics is the easy way. But in any case the question is forced upon public at-tention whether conditions do not call for greater precautions on the part of the public authorities against the class the country after the destruction of of dangerous cranks to whom the revolver and dynamite are convenient the storm which sweatons

inued, "I was an instructor at Vanuer-polit University. Then I became an in-structor at Cornell. I taught modern tempt to serve the cause of Ger-many by the assassination of a do so would corne." In the cons emphasis upon the point that an at- could manufacture a 'conspirac Theodore Campbell "climbed in and so did Frank McCabill, a very capable citate and deputy sheriff, who used to be a petty officer in Uncle Sam's navy and has the getup and muscle that went with his former job. They drove out to East list former job. They drove out to East list of the list of t them. At the Morgan house McCahill placed Holt under arrest for attempted murder. The man wouldn't talk much then. He was still dazed from the terrifle blow given by the butter.

When McCahill reached the Glen Cove fail with his prisoner Justice of the fail with his prisoner fail was a constant to hide myself. But I didn't care to.

"I came here with the one idea of the opinion that this madman's act seeing Mr. Morgan. About a month ago I conceived the idea of seeing Mr. Morgan. The wasted him to use his influence to stop the expertation of arms and of putting some restraint upon the forms in which they give expression to the agent and of putting some restraint upon the forms in which they give expression to the agent and of putting some restraint upon the forms in which they give expression to the agent and of putting some restraint upon the forms in which they give expression to the agent and of putting some restraint upon the forms in which they give expression to the control of the c and ammunition which make you and I the sympathies that everybody under-

The attempt to assassinate J. Pierpont Morgan and the explosion of a bomb in the Capitol at Washington coming within a few hours of each other, may well bring home to the American people the seriousness of a situation which is as deplorable as it is

> the Dernburgs, the Ridders-yes, Bryans, and other mouthpieces of the had the control of the seas the shipment of arms would be all right, according to the creed of these American-Germans. But Germany having lost control of the

The facts have been deliberately mis-represented and the shallowpated ington Times. They cranks are not to blame. The blame before the explosion. falls upon the American-German propagandists, who have shamefully abused free speech in this country. Their un-American sympathies have made them American sympathies have made them

The man who shot J. Pierpont Moran and who set off a bomb in the Capcol at Washington acted in both cases the said, and once lived in Mi inder the same incitement. both instances the agent of the same propaganda—of the same spirit of truculence and violence which the world has come to associate with German mili-tary policy.

German partisans in this country are went back to New York for the

practise the terrorism inculcated by the German military code and are beginning The man who shot J. P. Morgan made to remove by violence those who him or are supposed to hinder Germa success.

The spirit of outrage manifested not

pro-German partisans should not allowed to stalk any longer behim pseudo political propaganda. whirlwind of indignation which sw weapons.

What happened at the Morgan country home on Long Island might be repeated almost anywhere under similar circumstances for all the safeguards in the Senate wing of the Capitol.

"However, the blame for these

SET CAPITOL BOMB

Continued from First Page

After he had set the Washington he mailed three letters, all of same, he said. One was President Wilson and the other to the Washington Post and the Wington Times. They were mailed

he said, and once lived in Milw When the man was in such a physical collapse that it was

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